

Pocahontas Times.

Vol. 20 No. 51

Marlinton, Pocahontas County, West Virginia, July 10, 1902

\$1.00 a Year

Law Yards.

RICHARDSON & TIPTON,
Attorneys and Counselors-at-Law
MARLINTON, W. VA.
Prompt and careful attention given to all business placed in their hands.

H. S. RUCKER,
Attorney-at-Law and Notary Public
HUNTERSVILLE, W. VA.
Will practice in the courts of Pocahontas and in the Supreme Court of Appeals.

H. L. VAN SICKLE,
Attorney-at-Law,
LEWISBURG, W. VA.
Practices in Greenbrier and adjoining counties.

F. RAYMOND HILL,
Attorney-at-Law and Notary Public,
ACADEMY, W. VA.
Will practice in all the courts of Pocahontas and adjoining counties and Supreme Court of Appeals.

N. C. MCNEIL,
Attorney-at-Law,
MARLINTON, W. VA.
Will practice in the courts of Pocahontas and adjoining counties and in the Court of Appeals of the State of West Virginia.

ANDREW PRICE,
Attorney,
MARLINTON, W. VA.
Practice in Pocahontas and adjoining counties. Prompt and careful attention given to all legal work.

H. M. LOCKRIDGE,
Attorney-at-Law,
HUNTERSVILLE, W. VA.
Prompt and careful attention given to all legal work.

JOHN A. PRESTON, FRED WALLACE,
PRESTON & WALLACE
Attorneys-at-Law,
LEWISBURG, W. VA.
Will practice in the courts of Greenbrier and adjoining counties, and in the Court of Appeals of the State of West Virginia.

J. W. YEAGER,
Attorney-at-Law,
MARLINTON, W. VA.
Prompt attention given to collections.

T. S. MCNEEL,
Attorney-at-Law,
MARLINTON, W. VA.
Will practice in the courts of Pocahontas and adjoining counties.

L. M. MCCLINTIC,
Attorney-at-Law,
MARLINTON, W. VA.
Will practice in the courts of Pocahontas and adjoining counties and in the Supreme Court of Appeals.

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Attorney-at-Law,
MARLINTON, W. VA.
Prompt and careful attention given to all legal business.

Physicians' Yards.

J. M. CUNNINGHAM, M. D.
Physician and Surgeon,
MARLINTON, W. VA.
Office and residence opposite the Marlinton Hotel. All calls answered promptly.

L. J. MARSHALL, M. D.
Physician and surgeon,
MARLINTON, W. VA.
All calls promptly answered. Office over Marlinton Drug Store.

DR. O. J. CAMPBELL,
Dentist,
MONTEREY, VA.
Will visit Pocahontas county at least twice a year. The exact date of his visit will appear in this paper.

DR. M. STOUT,
DENTIST,
Has located and is ready for business in the Bank of Marlinton building, Marlinton, W. VA.

HENRY A. SLAVEN,
Practical Land Surveyor,
Meadow Dale, Virginia.
Maps and Blue Prints a specialty. Works in Pocahontas County solicited.

ON TO GRAFTON

Account of the First Campaign of the War Between the States

THE LAST OF THE SERIES

Revised Edition of the Campaign of the War Between the States. Some Supplementary Notes by the First Volunteer Company, now in the Army.

The writer of this series of articles, who was a member of the first company of volunteers, has been able to obtain a number of interesting facts from the old soldiers who were with him at the time.

Williams for this edition of the series of articles, which will be made much more complete and up-to-date than the original, and the expectations of our friends.

Alexander, James
Benson, James
Bird, Calvin
Bird, J. W. (No. 2)
Curry, Amos C.
Chewning, John W.
Chewning, George W.
Chewning, Albert
Chewning, Charles
Chewning, No. 5
Chew, Jonas
Carroll, John
Carroll, Hamilton
Carroll, William
Davis, Andrew S. F.
Davis, James
Ervine, E. Veitch
Ervine, Henry
Ervine, Augustus
Gardner, James A.
Huff, J. T.
Hite, Erasmus
Hite, Horatio
Hiner, John W. No. 2
Hupman, Peter H.
Hupman, John W.
Hupman, John
Jones, H. H.
Kincaid, Warwick C.
Keister, Wm. R.
Leitch, James
Leitch, Sylvester
Leitch, John T.
Leitch, Colonel
Leitch, Robert
Leitch, Elijah
Lockridge, J. W.
Lockridge, A. T.
Lymon, W. R.
Lane, James
Manly, J.
Marsters, Andrew
McDaniel, Solomon
McDaniel, William
McKay, Joseph
McKay, Joshua
McKay, St. Clair
Malcomb, Wm. R.
Malcomb, Baxter
Malcomb, J. Morgan
McAllister, George A.
McAllister, Thomas S.
Oaks, J. Rufus
Pullin, H. M.
Pullin, N. B.
Pullin, J. W.
Pullin, J. H.
Patterson, S. Pruyne
Pence, Harvey
Propst, Jeremiah
Pullin, J. Morgan
Rowe, John W.
Rider, Richard
Ross, John A.
Stewart, Charles
Stewart, V. V. P.
Stewart, Henry
Stewart, J. M.
Stewart, James St. Clair
Shepherd, L. H.
Sheffer, John W.
Sheffer, David A.
Sheffer, George W.
Siron, John M.
Siron, Abel H.
Taylor, Emanuel
Williams, T. J.
Williams, M. L.
Wilson, Ezekiah
Wilson, John
Wilson, James A.

It is a passing remark in reference to the much noted question who won the battle of Grafton, that J. Frank Patterson and T. J. Williams are about positive that John W. Sheffer was the soldier who fired that memorable shot that has been heard of all around the civilized world. Frank Patterson distinctly remembers that Sheffer came to him jumping up and down like a young hunter who has just shot his first buck, and exclaimed: "Sergeant, I have done it!" "Done what?" "I popped that big fellow from his horse that was coming for us so savage," or words to that effect.

A friend of more than ordinary literary accomplishments has expressed keen regrets that the compiler of the foregoing series had not suppressed every thing savouring of resentment or bitterness reported. The implication is that anything now done to embalm or perpetuate the animus of war is a tacit violation of the oath of allegiance taken by the editor and his colleagues. Moreover it has been intimated that good taste would prompt the erasure of all such records with an unrelenting blotting of regretfully patriotic tears.

The editor of "On to Grafton" respectfully dissents from all this, and that too from conscientious patriotic principles. When the writers of these diaries took their oaths all this matter now published

was already on record, consequently the oath of allegiance could have no retrospective reference.

Then too it was understood as interpreted by the Federal officials themselves that the oath simply obligated those subscribing to obey the laws and never thereafter take up arms against the government. All this too without reference whatever to any change being required in the sentiments of the Confederates. Such might think and speak as they pleased so they obeyed the laws, lot guns and swords alone, except in defence of the federal government.

Moreover had all such allusions been suppressed, the diaries would

should be highly prized by future historians, as they will most certainly be, unless there be other diaries to come out as well authenticated, these diaries with their simple annals will take precedence over even official reports in the estimation of future writers of history, when they come to rehearse the story of the first Confederate campaign by the provisional Virginia volunteers.

In thinking over the scenes and incidents recalled by the recently published diaries, the more clearly do we realize the omnipresence of God's ruling hand in all the events of life, causing us to appreciate more than ever Dr. Wm. L. Plummer's fity spoken words on God's providential care.

Dr. Plummer's has been a revered name with me from my earliest memories down to the present moment. While he was a student at Lewisburg preparing for the duties of his magnificent mission in life under the teachings of Dr. McElhenney, Dr. Plummer was my venerable mother's Sabbath-school teacher. As pastor of the Richmond 1st Presbyterian church he baptized the little child that is now Mrs. A. L. Price, and as editor of the Watchman of the South (now succeeded by the Central Presbyterian) the first religious editorials I ever read were written by him.

This is what Dr. Plummer testifies as to God's kindness to his humble, prayerful, confiding sons and daughters:

"Go among God's people and learn how goodly in many ways their lot has been. What good parents most of them have had; how wonderfully God has led them in many important steps of life; how pleasant have been their friends and their children. Even the little ones whom Jesus has early called to himself seem still to warm and nestle in the bosom of parental love. How many good books they have had to read; what kind and skillful physicians have attended them in sickness; when disease has come upon them, what good places they have had to be sick in; how infrequent and short their bodily infirmities commonly are. How seldom they suffered for the want of suitable food, or clothing, or shelter, or any necessary thing. How marked the hand of God in ordering the general tenor of their lives. Often have their feet well high slipped, but God has held them up. They have been in the midst of almost all evil, but it has not been allowed to sweep them away. How often has God hedged up their way with thorns, and made a wall that they could not find their paths." (Hosea 2, v.)

Often they could not perform their enterprises, which would have proved their ruin. (Job 5, xii.) The unseen dangers from men and devils, from friends and foes, from darkness and pestilence surrounding us are far more numerous than those which are visible. Could we have seen them all as God saw them our lives would probably have been full of misery. How kind his providence in giving us a heart and temper to enjoy life and its mercies."

Now such consoling words and breathing thoughts thus expressed by Dr. Plummer help us to realize the sweetness, beauty, and light of Browning's well high inspired verses:

We see thy hand, it leads us; it supports us;
We hear thy voice, it counsels and it courts us.
And then we turn away, and still thy kindness
Informs our blindness.

STOCKHOLDERS MEETING.
Notice is hereby given that the Stockholders of the Elk Valley and Midland Railroad Company will hold their first meeting for the purpose of organization and such other proceedings as may be had at an annual meeting and to do and perform all other business necessary and proper to be done under the laws of the stockholders meeting, on the 28th day of July, 1902, at the offices of McGraw and Post, in the town of Grafton, in the County of Taylor, State of West Virginia, at ten o'clock a. m.

The incorporators of said Railroad Company have opened books of subscription to the capital stock of said Company at the Grafton Bank, in said town, county, and State, under the direction of Chas. R. Durbin, Esq., Sgnt.

JOHN T. MCGRAW,
GEORGE W. CURTIN,
C. P. DORE,
JOS. FUCCY,
JACOB FISHER,

WOODS AND WATER

A Department Devoted to the Mainly Pastime of Hunting and Fishing

CANOEING ON THE GREENBRIER

Down the River in a heavily Loaded Boat, A 24 Mile Run, Shooting the Rapids around Droop

The man who attempts to canoe throughout the length of Greenbrier River is impressed by its ample space for "scenery," and the thousands of likely places to wet a fish line; he unconsciously begins to mentally calculate how many million bass, and other fishes have their being at a given time in the river, their probable weight, and the energy expressed in horse power necessary to drag them resisting from the water with hook and line.

The human mind, shaken by this excursion into the realm of statistics, returns to saner contemplation. If the water is getting low, the attention is pretty well taken up by looking out for breakers ahead.

When you load a 11-foot canvas boat originally intended for one person, with rool, baggage besides a middle weight man and a physical cultured woman of nine stone weight, or thereabout you have need to look out for bars and reefs. Therefore, it was with a sinking heart that we embarked on such a cruise on a Thursday morning lately. In anticipation we heard the tooth-edging sound of the delicate canvass grinding on the sharp boulders in swift riffles, and possible upsets.

As a matter of fact we did touch a good many rocks that day and sprung several leaks, besides poraging around a mill dam or two, but when we reached the splendid region of Droop Mountain, where the river cuts its way through that noble hill, our spirits instinctively were raised by the very grandeur of the scene. On its western face this mountain presents the anomaly of being in a fine state of cultivation on its brow, while the foot is clothed in virgin forest.

Four rapids are notable in the annals of raftsmen, of the days antedating the railway. The first, known as the "Davy Run," tradition relates that a man by the name of Davy was drowned here some sixty years ago, in attempting to run the place on a small raft. After reconnoitering, we got through in a few minutes without special difficulty, the lady choosing to walk round.

The "Sliding Water" comes next—so called because of the smooth, still water just above the rapids. This is the swiftest place on the river, but less dangerous than some other places because of the absence of sharp, projecting rocks such as are numerous elsewhere, notably at the point next succeeding known as the "Cen Rocks"—why so called we are unable to learn, unless because it is very rocky here, and rocks are supposed to resemble glens.

The ship and crew were so shaken by their encounter with the Glen Rocks, and some new leaks appearing in the hold, it was decided to look out for a camping place, as it was now well along towards sundown. Fortune favored us, and an elegant, clean sandy beach was soon found! Opposite the section station No. 6, known as "Droop." No better place could be desired for a camp, and the clean, yielding sand successfully proved excellent sleeping ground. The surroundings were of enchanting loveliness, the prospect of woods and water beautiful in the extreme. The trees seemed full of song birds. Yet there were serpents in this Eden, for a large rattler had been killed on the camp site a few days before, and we saw a harmless black snake glide into the bushes near by.

J. W. Childers has lived on the rising ground back from the river for many years. Only recently has the railroad crossed this otherwise remote spot. The section foreman is an enthusiastic fisherman, and the next day being a holiday and the 4th of July, he put in most of the day fishing. He and his wife are from North Carolina, and they have an interesting family of three little girls.

Never have we slept sounder than on that sand bar before the upturned boat and heaven for covering. The lady slept for nine hours like a veteran camper.

We were provided with a star-chart of the heavens in July, in case we were wakeful, but by the time we had located the brilliant stars Vega, Antares, Aldabaran, the constellation of the Crab, and the "Milk Dipper" in the Milky Way, we went soundly to sleep too.

When once we get near to the bosom of old Mother Earth, her magnetic influences so pervade us that we wish to remain always within the city's "madding crowd," and even the "comforts of a home" become tame in comparison.

The waters were not at a good stage for fishing, but we succeeded

in getting one next day. By this time the river was too low to continue the journey. The sand bed tempted us mightily for another sleep, but as we had promised our anxious friends at home to write or come that day, when the train hauled up at the water tank, we folded the boat, got aboard. Then on the swift journey homeward with renewed interest we pointed out the rough places on the 24 miles of river we now knew so well.

For nearly every year since we can remember we have gone fishing on the glorious Fourth. As a general thing fish have taken the bait well on the day we celebrate and many good catches have gone to our credit, but on a few occasions the fish have declared their independence and we have come empty away. Heretofore the river has been deserted on the 4th, and there has always been great chunks of solitude hanging around each and every pool awaiting the coming of the world sick mortal who wants to get out of hearing of the strife long enough to see how far he has come, but this year was an exception, proving to our unwilling reasoning powers that there are more people and the supply of bass will have to be divided among a larger number of mouths than ever before.

Instead of whole stretches of water with no one in sight, every pool deep enough to shelter a bass had several weary waiters for bites, but the waters were high and milky and nothing was doing.

We got real industrious this year and walked about two miles to get some minnows: this is, we started to walk, but in a short distance was overtaken by a buggy and got a ride. The day was hot and the minnows hard to catch. After securing about 20, it was found the trusty knife was out of its usual pocket. Now this is no ordinary knife and we felt sorry when we found we had lost it. We had once heard tell how the old hunters when they had lost an article, would sit down and do some hard head work until they remembered where the missing thing had been left. We loved we would try this as we had no idea of leaving that knife, having carried it so long it had almost become a part of our anatomy. We hunted up a shady place to do our conjuring, but the day was too bright and hot, and soon we were fast asleep.

Along about 4 o'clock the sun had worked around until it shone squarely in our face, waking us up enough to hear the passenger whistle, and again we began to take notice. Having forgotten to shade the minnow bucket about half of our bait had turned their bellies to the sun and were dead. The best minnows were left, however, and we waded a bee line for the river, finding the missing knife in the fish basket.

We met several fishermen returning, all with high-water-hard-luck stories, and saw others of the fraternity standing around likely looking pools with a look of longing desire spread over their features.

We were beginning to get scared up about catching a basket of bass as several pools upon which we had depended for a fish or two had been fished by men until they were blue in the face and nary a rise, and many a strong arm was hanging limp by the side from pure trouble and exhaustion.

But we had af ew moves yet to play, for what profit is it to a man to spend his life in the swamps of the Greenbrier until he is webfooted if he can't think like a bass. We had learned a thing or two about high water fishing years before by sad experiences, and therefore we hunted up a shallow pool where the water eddied from a large rock. The first cast fetched its grist in the form of a twelve inch bass. He took the bait with the regulation rush and put up such a fight we thought surely he would weigh at least two pounds. Our little rod had only six ounces to its credit and consequently there was a lot of battle before the bass was done to death. The more we fit the stronger he got, and we imagined that bass demanded a landing on the bank in consideration of his strength, age and general standing in the community. We showed him this respect and hauled him out on the sand, although it was a rather painful procedure, as a "ack" had worked up in the sole of the shoe-maker's friend. The storekeeper told us these shoes were made especially for the men who fishes. We guess they were as no man without the patience of a Job could ever stay with them. They even try the patient fisherman, throwing him down in the water, pinching a pet corn and ch-wise taking liberties with his person, but that is a side issue.

After landing our bass which was an epoch making one, being the first of the season, we were anxious to repeat the sensation. In this we were not disappointed. That particular pool yielding 14 goodly bass before the minnows gave out.

A fellow sufferer made his appearance around the bend and we slipped into the bushes out of sight. He might find that pool if he could, but we owned him nothing.

We believe it is poor policy to shower the hard earned fruits of experience to the winds by telling everybody where the good fishing water is. We should not so deplete the gifts the gods provide. Beside it is not fair to brother bass to tell his secrets.

KIDDING THE EDITOR.

They were three prize hired men from Bitter Creek, and had come to town to spend the day, seeing the sights and having a good time generally. They had come especially prepared to "kid" the town fellows, and their friend the editor. If he wanted to make himself popular with the reading public, all he would have to do was to publish some of the things they told him. About ten o'clock the three happened around at the printing office to see how the work was done.

The editor had been driven from the sanctuary by stress of work, and was manfully kicking a job press. Josh approached the editor and asked if he be the boss.

Jenkins replied "I be," and went on with his work, for he knew from long experience nothing was coming from a crowd like that.

This sort of reception somewhat cooled Josh, but he would not down, so he asked what "wuz the fare" of that paper, anyhow?

"Dollar," said Jenkins, and he handed Josh a copy of the last issue before that worthy had time to ask "how much that would be for one."

Here was another cooler for Josh, but he made another desperate effort to start a conversation.

"Don't know Ben Holcomb, do you?"

"No."

"He's a funny fellow. Ben is easiest man to tease I ever see. Gets mad at nothin'." But the editor did not look interested, and Josh shifted from one foot to the other, and then he bethought himself of the great joke he had perpetrated that morning, having put on shoes that were not his. He pointed out this fact to the editor, but he gave them a look of reproach that Josh felt uneasy and sorry that he had ever been born such a great humorist.

Josh was still game, however, and would talk or bust, and he got down to the real business of the visit.

"You know Ben Holcomb?"

"No."

"That feller I spoke about a bit ago," and then Josh said desperately, "you tell it, Bob."

But Bob wouldn't tell it. He loved Josh had figured it all out coming down, and that he himself never could give no representation of nothin' anyhow.

Well, Josh could tell it, if he had it to do, but he again insisted on Bob before he began.

"Ben Holcomb don't take your paper, but he reads it just the same, and I just want you to drag him a bit. Ben bought a patent corn planter this year."

The speaker paused for the cyclone of mirth to subside. The editor did not see the point, and asked if it worked.

"It worked all right, mister, but Ben did not buy it until his corn came up!"—just fix up to suit your self, but don't tell who told you."

Josh was sweating like a nigger at election, and wore an expectant look. But the editor would not see anything peculiar in a man saying something he did not need. He had seen agents himself, and had always come off second best. He loved Ben Holcomb could buy as many corn planters as he darned pleased and when he wanted them. Josh looked pained, stretched his mighty frame, gave a yawn that did full justice to his 200 lb. carcass, wiped the cold sweat from his brow and moved on.

He wanted no more editor in his'n. They would not enter into the true spirit of a joke. They made him tired, causing him to forget some of his best points.

MRS. MARY SYDENSTRICKER.

Sad tidings came by phone to Marlinton Sabbath afternoon that Mrs. Mary Sydenstricker, relict of the late Hon. John M. Sydenstricker, had died at her home in the Richlands of Greenbrier County, on Friday afternoon, July 4th, in the 74th year of her life. She was born and reared in Ohio, and was twice married. She is survived by Miss Anna Surbaugh of the first marriage, and by three sons by the second marriage, John B. T. A., and Edward Sydenstricker. All three of these sons are official members of their respective churches.

For a year or thereabouts this estimable lady has been in failing health, and her sufferings towards the last were bitterly intense, until she became unconscious a week or so previous to the dying day.

To say that she was a model Christian needs no formal statement. There are many friends far and near with whom her name will live for long remembered years, embalmed with their tears and loving thoughts as the best that they can give.

On Saturday her remains were taken to Lewisburg, and placed by the side of her much lamented husband, and so in death these persons so lovingly and pleasantly in their lives were not long divided.

THE CAMERONS

Family History of the Camerons of Virginia. In two Papers

THE OLD SCOTCH CAMERONS

Ancestry Traced to the to the Warrior of Clonodon. Dr. John Cameron and Major Charles Edward Cameron. Also, Scotch Virginia Relationship.

By few if any names are held in more reverent remembrance than that of Major Charles Edward Cameron, Warm Springs, Bath County, Va. He was a son of Dr. John Cameron who was the first of the Cameron clan to come to America, so far as known to us. He was a son of Evan Cameron of Fassifern, a younger brother of Lochiel, who led the Camerons at the battle of Culloden. Lochiel and Evan were sons of "John the Tanister," who was the son of Sir Evan Dhu Cameron, according to W. and A. K. Johnston's "Scottish Clans and their Tartans." The term "Tanister" signifies land owner or governor. In Johnston's book this is recorded: "An eminent native of Kilmalie was the famous Sir Evan of Lochiel, who was born in 1629 and died in 1719, and was a famous cavalier in his time. From his swarthy complexion he was named Evan Dhu. At the head of his clan Sir Evan is said to have made no less than thirty-five armed forays into the territories of his enemies."

Evan Cameron of Fassifern married Lucy Campbell of Barcondane the mother of Dr. John Cameron, the American immigrant, and immediate ancestor of the Virginia Camerons. Lucy Campbell's father succeeded to the estate Glenmore, on the death of his brother, who was shot at the Ferry of Ballachulish in Appin, by Allan Brae Stewart, otherwise known as Vic Jan Vialaster, a crime for which the Laird of Ardsheil was judicially executed by the Duke of Argyll at the Castle of Inverary.

In the period of the Scottish civil wars the Camerons were ever loyal to the house of Stewart. One of the poet Campbell's more thrilling poems is about Sir Lochiel just before the battle of Culloden.

Popularly he was known in his clan as the gentle Lochiel, while in the histories he is written of as the "Great Lochiel." It was Lochiel, who in his loving, ardent way exclaimed to Prince Charles "Come weat, come woe, I'll follow thee!"

Lochiel Campbell's steel Highland pistols, found on the bloody and fatal field of Culloden, marked with his initials, may be seen in the museum of antiquities at Edinburgh.

In their religious proclivities the Camerons of that period were Catholics, and eagerly sided with the cause of the Pretender, who was the son of James the Second of England, born after his father had been dethroned. After his father's death in 1701, the Pretender was declared by the King of France the rightful King of England. In France he was called the Chevalier St. George; in England the Pretender. Parties in England, more especially Scotland, espoused the Pretender's claims from time to time. Many lives were sacrificed and many grievous calamities occasioned. It was in the reign of George the Second that the Pretender made his last effort, being then an old man. His partisans the Jacobites put forward his son Charles Edward, known as the Young Pretender, and the Young Chevalier.

The Scotch Highlander favored the young Pretender and when he joined them there was a Scottish uprising to make him King, where upon many noble and gallant men lost their fortunes and their lives. In the battle of Colloodon, April 1746 the Scotch were sorely defeated.

The defeated Pretender found it hazardous to make his escape abroad with such tempting rewards offered for his head. True to their character the Scottish partisans were very true to him and after many romantic escapes he reached France.

Dr. John Cameron the ancestor of the Virginia Camerons bore the colors of his clan on the field of Colodon and after the loss of the battle many of his relatives along with a number of other prominent persons engaged in the rebellion were carried to London and executed. Dr. Cameron, the color-bearer made his way to Spain on a Spanish warship. From Spain he soon found a way to the West Indies, Cuba, probably, and was there a short while, thence he went to New York City. In New York he met the widowed lady who afterwards became his wife, Mrs. Margaret Murray. Her maiden name was Margaret McBarron. She was a native of Ireland of Scotch ancestry, and a Presbyterian in her religious preferences. Mr. Murray, her first husband, was a wealthy merchant of New York, and a native of Liverpool, England. There were two daughters by the first marriage, Sarah and Mary Murray.

Dr. John Cameron moved from

New York soon after his marriage, and located in Norfolk, Va., where his two children Charles Edward and George Hugh were born. The eldest, Charles Edward, was born February 22, 1753. Hugh was several years younger, but the date lost.

Charles Cameron was named for the young Pretender. At first he was named George Hugh, but when he was several years old his father Dr. Cameron, now of Norfolk, Va., gave a dinner to some Scotch friends who had fought for the Pretender, and they became so stimulated in patriotic feeling of devotion to their favorite that Dr. Cameron to please them, sent for a Catholic priest, and Charles was

baptized the second time, and named him for the Catholic prince Charles Edward, the last of the Stuarts, who claimed the crown of Scotland.

Dr. John Cameron resided in Norfolk until Charles was six years old, and then moved to Staunton, Va., about 1760. In the course of time amnesty was accorded rebellious Scotch subjects, so he could return to Scotland and repossess their property. Whereupon Dr. Cameron sailed for Scotland, hoping to recover his property, and then return and make Staunton his permanent home, but he never returned; lost at sea.

Charles E. Cameron knew that his father Dr. John Cameron had in his own name a large estate in Scotland, and was in the line of inheritance also to a fine property besides, as his father's uncle and many relatives had perished, so that if Dr. Cameron had lived to recover his property he would have been possessed of an immense estate, that otherwise reverted to the English Crown.

At the time of his father's death Charles was a mere child, and had nothing in hand to show that he had any right to the Cameron estate in Scotland. While a half-grown boy he clerked in a Staunton store, and a few years later was offered employment as bank-keeper to the Mossy Creek Iron Works, for Henry Miller, the owner and builder of the first iron plant in the upper Valley, of the Shenandoah, in the north-west section of Augusta County, twelve or fifteen miles from Staunton.

At the age of nineteen young Cameron's thoughts turned to love and he married Nancy, a daughter of his employer, a little younger than himself. In about 6 months after marriage the girl wife died.

On Monday morning, October 10, 1774, Charles E. Cameron and his brother Hugh were with the Virginia troops at Point Pleasant. A battle not being expected, Charles and others were detailed and put in charge of Jacob Warwick to hunt and slaughter meat for the Indian towns in Ohio, as ordered by Governor Dunmore. In the meantime the battle had been suddenly joined, and by the time the hunters and archers rallied and recrossed the Kanawha, the battle had virtually ceased.

Upon his return from hunting he found that his brother George Cameron, and his brother-in-law, Colonel Charles Lewis, were killed in the action.

Mrs. Colonel Charles Lewis was Sarah Murray, half sister of Chas. and George Cameron.

If person George Cameron was all of very dark complexion, with dark hair and eyes, and very high prominent forehead, bearing a striking resemblance to his father, Dr. John Cameron. While he was a child his playmates would positively tell him that if he was ever shot by the Indians it would be in the forehead, as it was so prominent, and so it turned out, for when Charles found his brother George among the slain the bullet holes were in his forehead.

Charles Cameron served through the Revolution as a lieutenant and was with Virginia troops at the surrender of Yorktown. Colonel Peyton, in his history of Augusta County, mentions Charles Cameron as one of the "Gentlemen Justices of Augusta County," in 1790.

On December 14, 1790, the counties of Bath and Pendleton were formed from Augusta. Mr. Cameron received a grant of land for services in the Revolution, and it is believed he went from Augusta to Bath about the time the county was formed. He accumulated lands in addition to the grant, and finally possessed a magnificent estate. About four miles west of the Warm Springs he selected a site for his residence on a precipitous bluff overlooking the Jacksons River, and commanding a lovely view up and down the valley. He built a large and commodious house of stone, one of the handsomest west of the Blue Ridge at that time.

I will sell my farm, containing 17 acres of land, well watered, situated four miles from Seebert, one and a half miles northeast of Millpoint, within one fourth mile of church and school house. For further information address, J. S. GLADWELL, Millpoint, W. Va.

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